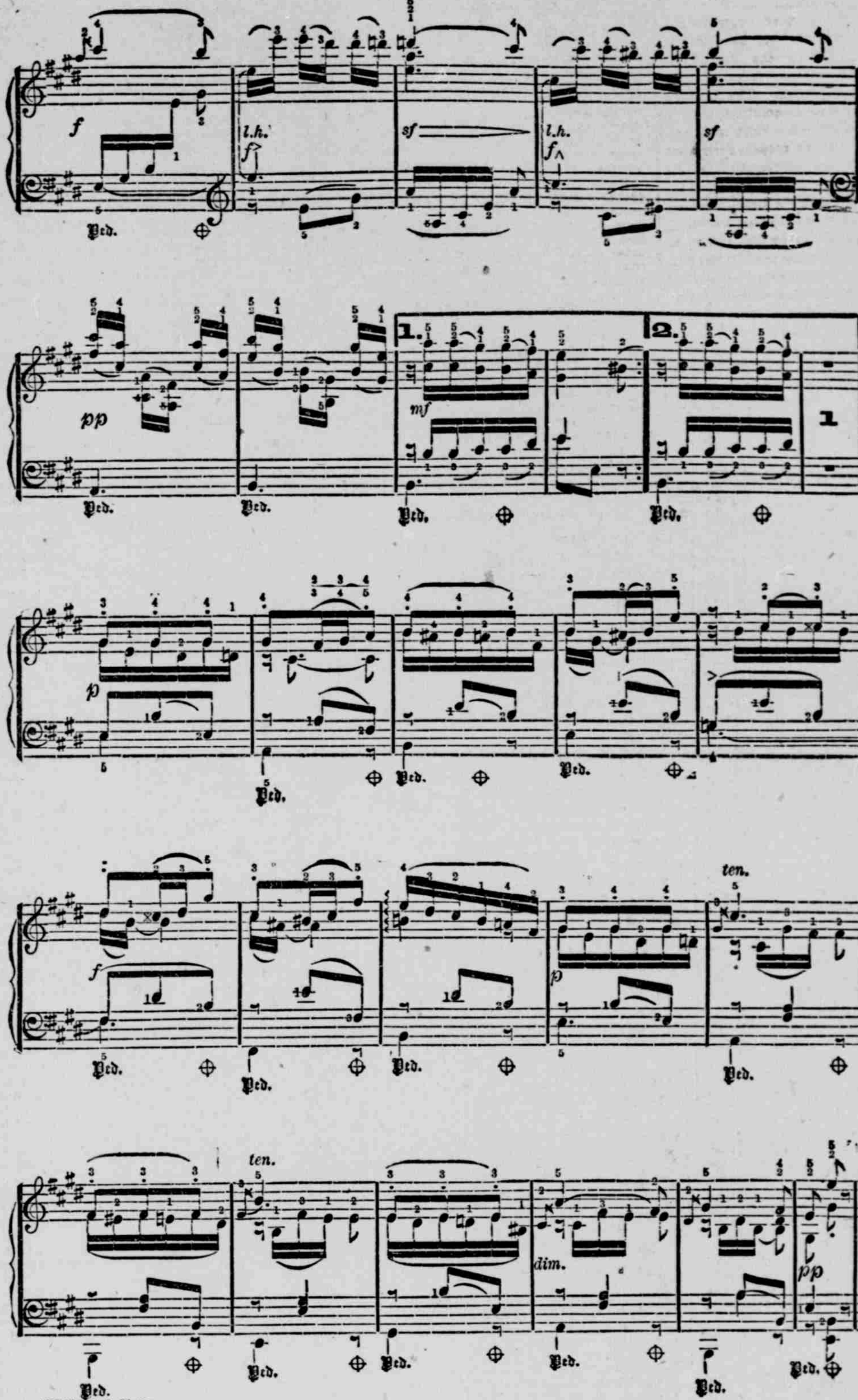


G. KARGANOFF, Op. 10, No. 1.

The image shows a page of a musical score for Frédéric Chopin's 'L'Espresso' (Op. 10, No. 3). The score is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of 24 measures, organized into three systems of eight measures each. The first system is marked 'Vib.' and the second system is marked 'Vib.' and 'dolce espress.'.

The notation includes treble and bass staves with various musical symbols such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. The first system is marked 'Vib.' and the second system is marked 'Vib.' and 'dolce espress.'.

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THE DEVIL'S DAWNBRCKER

THE DEVIL'S PAWN BROKER

BY JOHN NITCHIO,
AUTHOR OF "THE PAWNED CHARACTER," "DOUBLE
SIXES," ETC.

He shivered as he looked into the window, crowded with a motley collection of old pistols, revolvers, fiddles, miniatures and musty books, upon which one puny cat just cast a faint light. His breath coagulated into a misty film on the pane, and the picturesque heap of rubbish within gradually faded from sight. The wind drove the sleet and snow down the half-deserted street in wild gusts; in cruel delight it snatched the poor fellow's mishapen hat, and when he clapped his hands to his head took occasion to blow up under his buttonless coat with a frigid gust that made his teeth chatter and rattles like a telegraph instrument in a deserted country station. He stepped across the entry-way to get some protection from the increasing storm. As he leaned against the door, drawing himself up as far back as possible, the weak catch gave way with a click, the door flew open, and he staggered back into the shop. The door struck the warbling bell above it with a crash and set it ringing and jangling at a terrific rate. There was a sort of wail in its tone, it seemed to him; the clanging, tolling sound filled the place and echoed and re-echoed among the dusty piles of cast-off stuff of every description. The strange, doleful clang of the vibrating bell seemed to be repeating the words written over the gate of Dante's Hell: "All hope abandon ye who enter in!" "All hope abandon, ye who enter in—" over and over with monotonous wailing iteration, fainter and fainter, like the cry of a failing spirit. The storm outside sounded cheerful beside this doleful, and he hoped to forget his troubles for a while again, when some curtains at the back of the shop parted and a voice said, with a peculiar accent:

[illegible]

could not determine. In the center of the room was a small cringing abject and cowering man, pushed back as if the occupant had risen in haste, and upon the table were some papers and a small polished skull mounted on an onyx slab, the top of which was set against the wall, rimmed with gold. The light from the chandelier, and the chandelier fell over everything, and enhanced the oriental warmth and beauty of the old little room.

He lay down on his wretched, tattered clothes, soiled with dust and mud, and wet with snow and rain, and hesitated to sit down on the rich divan, as directed by a gesture of his host. He was a little man, with a simple, and a few on the end near the fire, the warmth shawed out his mind as well as his body. As the feeling of intense physical discomfort disappeared his thoughts became clearer, and the sense of almost lifeless being, and the crushing of the most lifeless sense of shame stirred within him. Such comfort and luxury had once been his, now gone through his own weakness and wickedness, and he had been the master of the divan, and with a start awoke from his momentary fit of abstraction to find the pawn-broker looking at him sharply with a sinister smile on his face, and to feel that he was the subject of an unbroken train of thoughts that ran through Darby's mind, and to be smiling at the final little flicker of regret as an exhibition of weakness.

Darby was astonished to note the apparent change in the pawnbroker's appearance. The face and dress were the same, but the figure was taller and straighter. He now noted the lines of the face, the features, the eyes, the clear-cut features, expressive, yet cold and almost immobile. The man stood gazing intently at him, with one hand resting on the table. There was something insupportable about the face of the pawnbroker, who lived in scholarly elegance.

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years. Every three months you can, by bringing me back to my room, receive a stimulus, which is more than sufficient to make life full of ease and pleasure. At the end of ten years you can have your soul back again," he smiled evilly, "provided you come for it. But I am not a man to be trifled with. I remember," he went on, with a demonic pleasure in the train of talk, "one fellow, whose time expired the night before last, has been hanged, and sent to the gallows. He returned to his cell so late before it was too late. I was sorry not to be able to accommodate him. He tried to say something about me on the gallows, but his talk was so incoherent, and he was so out of his head and shut it off. Ten years may not seem long to you, perhaps, but very few ever claim their property again."

Darby dropped at the coolness with which he received these cold-blooded words. He picked up the bills, counted them over and slipped the metal ticket into his pocket. A wild gleam at the ability to return to his old pleasant life flooded his mind, and with a feeling of fiendish freedom from restraint—an exultation in the ability to live, to live as he wished, to feed the passion dulled by poverty and want, he turned to the door. He looked at the man in the glowing, exultant eyes of the pawnbroker; then his glance caught the flitting leer in the brazen eyes of the crowd, and he turned hastily to the wall in the writhing snake of the Medusa. He turned and without a word tore aside the curtain and strode through the dim rubbish-filled street. The fact of the exultant, the eager look after him in a mocking voice. The door crashed and the bell jangled behind him as he stepped out into the storm. The storm still drove down the deserted street, though with less fury than before. "Darby! Darby!"

He delighted in it. It seemed as if its recklessness was the outward counterpart of his inner freedom. He felt as if every evil passion were loosed, and he felt that he was free. He almost shouted as he fingered the money in his pocket. He saw a policeman half diving in an entry and he felt a wild desire to kill him, he knew it.

At length Darby turned into a side street. In most of the houses the curtains were drawn, but he passed one with uncovered lighted windows. A whim led him to stop and mount the stairs. He found the door unlocked. He went in. In the back parlor a woman sat evidently reading aloud to two children, one sitting on her lap the other at her feet on a little stool. The eager look of the face of the woman, the exultant look of their mother. One of them started, possibly having seen his face at the window, and when the woman's face was raised the lamplight fell upon it. He felt the face of the woman drew back on the steps. "Elise! Stop! I should have happened on her too. The two women who made my life what it is."

He ran down the steps; hate, bitterness, and passion took hold of his heart. He knew it had been different else he might have been his wife, and those his children. He rushed on wildly, driven by his own fierce thoughts. He cursed the woman who had robbed him of his wife, the woman he ever loved. For a moment the money in his pocket was forgotten. Again he was an outcast, penniless, wretched, the hopeless bearer of a curse that would follow him. He felt the blood rush fiercely in his veins, the venomous and passionate thoughts swarmed in his brain. A sudden light fell across his eyes and brought him back from his bitter reverie to the concrete of the street. He looked up, and saw, just passing under a street lamp, and the narrow circle of lighted space was filled with whirling flakes of snow that dashed across and out into the street. He looked down, and saw, as he looked down the street, a man's form came into sight; as he drew near Darby saw his face, where the light fell upon it, while his own was in a shadow. He saw the face of the man, of his bitter thoughts and evil passions, took possession of him. The man passed him; as soon as he passed the lamp-post, Darby turned and ran after him.

"You!" he cried, with half bowed head and abject voice, "take pity on a homeless man. Give me a little! Or a night's lodging!"

The man had stopped and looked sharply on the street, and he saw the face of the man, and out of range of the light; the snow fell fast; not a sound to be heard or a person in sight; they were alone in the midst of the storm and the street. The crying form suddenly lifted itself up.

"I know you, Mr. Howard Berkely, if you do fail to recognize me, I don't want your money," cried the man, "I am plenty, and he pulled out the roll of bills and held it up to the light. "I would not touch your cursed money. Do you suppose that could pay for what you stole from me years ago? Yes, you stole it—the howling of the wind. "Elise's girlish love for me! There is but one thing can pay me now—but one thing—" and he turned, "if ever I—"

Like a flash Darby had sprung to his throat, his clenching fingers were at the neck. The man's face was white, and he looked at

[illegible]

mand. He pulled the fingers open. It was a mental disc, badly marked.

"It is one of them, at any rate," muttered the pawnbroker, as he went in and locked the door behind him. Passing on into the chamber he took out a vial, and closely observed the markings on one side of it.

"The same," he murmured. "He was so cautioned, that 'That was quick work!' And beamed to himself.

He took the cork from the vial and placed it in a saucer on the table. Instantly the room grew dark, as if filled with grey clouds; a faint light, from the eyes the midst of the darkness; far-off dying wail seemed to come from an infinite distance; slowly the room grew lighter, the pawnbroker sank back into the easy chair and gazed into the smoldering fire.

In front of the shop door two policemen were bending over the dead body of a man in a dress-suit.

Women in Utah.

St. Paul Daily Globe.

The first question asked by the stranger in Salt Lake City is this, says a Salt Lake City letter: "Do the Mormons still practice polygamy?" They claim that they do not, but, their assertions are taken on grando sales by the gentiles. The Edmunds bill disfranchises women living in polygamy and fines the men \$300, with imprisonment for six months. The women are "allowed"—compelled would be a truer word—to testify against their husbands." Despite this it is extremely difficult to secure convictions. A woman is called on the witness-stand, at a colloquy something like this occurs:

"Who are you married?"

"I do not know, sir."

"Is not the defendant your husband under the Mormon law, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is this your child?"—showing an infant of two or three months old.

"Yes, sir."

"Who is the father?"

"I cannot say, sir."

This is no uncommon occurrence, the attorneys tell me. And, after all, one can scarcely blame the women for testifying thus if they believe in the "divine sanction" of polygamy, a contemporary church. No less celebrated a lawyer than the late Jere S. Black has said: "To compel husband and wife to testify against each other is to make the wife a rule of evidence, a contemptuous defiance of the great principles which protect the sanctity of the family and lie at the basis of civil society."

Spendshifts at the Beach.

Atlantic City Letter in Philadelphia Times.

There are half a dozen young men in Atlantic City who are spending money as freely as water. Their lives will probably point a moral before the idea of another summer. There are many Philadelphians who recall the sunny ways of Jimmy Henderson, who lived so lavishly here a year or so ago. His fine horses and open phaeton spent a fortune every one to whom he took a fancy. There are many Wall-street men who remember the genial, wealthy George Haddon Palmer, who killed himself in a lonely marsh. He had an office within a few yards of the old stamping-ground of Jay Gould. Palmer made a fortune, his customers comprising some of New York's great lawyers and club men with social tendencies. His promise to his wife to marry every one who would disappear for a month and reappear in rags. Personally one of the nastiest men of the street, he was a sight to behold after one of his discharges. He would resume his fine manners and courteous bearing, and everything would be lovely for many months. He always came to Atlantic City when these spree seizures came. He would spend a fortune, and at the expiration of one of them went home and killed himself. The statement is made as a warning to a half dozen popular and wealthy young Philadelphians who are here on the same road, seeking their fortune as soon as possible, and of a lively-stable man against one of them for last week's driving amounted to over \$300.

A Successful Way to Put It.

Harper's Bazar.

"No, Mr. Smith," she said gently but firmly, "I can never be your wife."

Then he struggled to his feet and said, in broken tones: "Are all my hopes to be thus dashed? spent a fortune here, and at the expiration of the term I am to be sent home as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith?"

This was too much for the girl, and she succumbed.

It May Come to This.

Youth—I've got some poetry here I'd like to have you look over.

Editor—Yes, sir. Have you got your license with you?

Youth—My license?

Editor—No, your poetic license.